

Impressed
Mr. Allan by the Author
NUMBER FIRST.

P O E M S, &c.

DEDICATED

To Miss ANN HENDERSON.

A TRIBUTE

To GRATITUDE and FRIENDSHIP.

By a LADY, 

The AUTHOR of the HUBLE-SHUE.

Subscribers Names to be published with another Number.

тракт да замине

25. 2. 14. П. О. П

11

съгласие

и о замине



43. 2. 14.

10. 10.

41. 2. 14. ГРАДИДАНИЕ ТАКИДАНИЕ

Б. А. ПАДУ

и 20. 2. 14. ГРАДИДАНИЕ ТАКИДАНИЕ

и 20. 2. 14. ГРАДИДАНИЕ ТАКИДАНИЕ

HYBRID of FLOWERS

To MARGARET Countess of MORAY.

A NEW YEAR's GIFT.

TO fair MARIA bear this gift away,
A hand unknown presents a flower to-day;
A garland wove with joy, contentment, peace,
Beauties which time nor wint'ry blasts deface.

BASKET

B A S K E T of F L O W E R S.

S O N G.

Proudly gay, they catch the eye,
This one I chuse and most admire.

&c.

Such as the rose may MARY be,
When youth is fled. She's good to me.
&c.

Stranger I came without a name,
All these fine flowers she brought to me.

&c.

Softly, my lyre,—that silken string,
Tun'd to a gift so sweet to sing.

&c.

The blushing rose—and jessamine,
Sweet is that air—sweet lyre again.

&c.

Than blushing rose or jessamine,
Dearer to me in Friendship's name.

&c.

Softly, my lyre, that trembling string;
Friendship so new, a fleeting thing.

&c.

No, strike! nor tremble, tremble so,
Friendship and Virtue thou art one.

Friendship and Virtue, &c.

P A.

How pleasant is the quiet life !
Tis this I most prize beyond

P A S T O R A L.

As a shepherd stray'd with her sheep,
I listen'd, and this was her song :
Not from Phillis her swain would I keep,
I would rather thus wander alone.

To my friend let me try to return
The swain—which her fondness invites.
Her crook with each flower I'll adorn,
And learn her the song which he likes.

Yet I'm pleas'd with the tale I despise ;
As he whispers my looks are so fair.
When the water reflects back my eyes
I find I'm not equal to her.

By the brook ! where the primroses grow,
O could but those days now return !
The sweetest she plac'd on my brow ;
Can I bear that my Phillis should mourn ?

How

How harmless my flock as they feed !

'Tis time I were wearing them home ;

I long with my Phillis to meet, A P

Since Corydon left her alone.

Though the plains and the nights are yet cold, A

We shall rise with the sun in the morn ; M

When Corydon's flocks are unfold, et blow 1

No more shall his nymph be forlorn.

How they bleat ! 'tis her lambkins I hear ;

As one of them stray'd from the rest, oo 13H

Unheeded she drops the soft tear, ad muset heA

Unknowing her sorrow expres'd.

Are the hills and the valleys less green ?

The shrub, or the sweet-briar not sweet ?

Because they are none of them mine, m' bnd 1

Ah ! why should a shepherdess weep ?

Otterston,

cinqui temps et d'auant au 1. Juin 1711 à England
et nascit et nascit Otterston, October.

On seeing Lady H—— after the Death of a
favourite DAUGHTER.

NOT death so common, or an infant lost,
The turn of mind by tender feelings lost;
Deep by regret each happy scene reflect,
For her my life all other joys neglect.

Blows there a rose so sweet? each flower recalls,
A day how gay, then droops its head and falls.
Bleak winter comes! the lifeless trees no shade,
A dreary night; how cold, how chang'd a bed!
How then to sleep, to peace, my mind compose!
At once depriv'd for ever of repose.
What have I done? to blast my early hope,
Torn thus my life, the cause of my hard lot?
Oh! awful thought, to question thy decree!
Prostrate to earth, my spirit flies to thee;
The mystic dove in clouds ascends above,
Come, little children, come, and share my love.
Around her couch in innocence descend,
Thy guardian wings to comfort and defend.

Resign'd

Resign'd her mind, in slumbers quiet impart
 Thy heavenly scenes to raise again her heart.
 But how these scenes, these joys, conceiv'd below ?
 For aught in earth would I these scenes forego,
 Already blest, yet wants one blessing more,
 When we shall meet, and you these scenes explore.

A D R E A M.

A Peaceful morn the sweets of spring convey,
 A radiant beam to usher in the day ;
 Soft as the breeze in whisper seem'd to say,
 In angel mildness begg'd me to obey.
 Thus rais'd to hope ; but glides my dream away,
 Her form transparent, brighter than the day.
 What joy sublime, what innocence around,
 With kind benevolence and myrtle crown'd ;
 Still in my ear melodious sounds I hear,
 Ecstatic themes of her eternal year.

NUMBER SECOND.

A P O E M

ON

QUEEN MARY.

IN TWO PARTS.

By a LADY,

The AUTHOR of the HUBBLE-SHUE.

И У М И Е З А М О Д А

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У Я А М И Е З У О

А Т Я А Т О У Т И

и

У Д А Л ь ы

Авторы изображения: HUBBLE-SHURE

2. It's on the lake—where the Queen is high,
 A New vessel has
 Left the old—allow me—now to tell
 : **Kinross-House, September 9. 1768.**

Now had * some of the gifts sent
 To the Queen, as the gifts sent

The FIRST PART of QUEEN MARY.

The following Dedication designed for —— Esq;
 deceased.

Deign to accept
 The effusions—of my heart.
 To thee, with love! I dedicate my art;
 That high respect—thy virtuous mind demands.

TWAS under sail—the barge—to row them o'er,
 Where Beauty's Queen was captive long before.
There had the Muse with pleasure led the way;
 For there, in Autumn, now she loves to stray:

5 There

5 There on the shore—where oft the Queen at night,
 Had lonely walk'd—revolving her sad fate ;
 The trees—the walls—the ruin, all conspire
 The dame sequester'd—wake poetic fire :
 There oft the Queen, as the chaste dame *, had wove

10 Her fatal story and their fatal love ; ~~PA T S R I T~~ edT
 Young Gordon's doom—poor Chatillard's despair,
 By Murray's guile one common fate they share ;
 Her injur'd honour—and her infant son,
 Distracting thought ! ~~PA T S R I T~~ ~~g u i w o l l o t~~ ~~edT~~

15 From cruel subjects turns her thoughts away,
 To milder scenes her fancy steals astray,
 † To peace—to justice—Bethlehem's Shepherd King,
 His dog, his sheep, his crook, may there be seen,
 In well chose colours, work'd each scene with ease,

20 As Nature taught her all the arts to please.

* *Penelope.* ~~not of—sayd edT—II John SAWT~~

† Peace and justice, and the story of David feeding his sheep, are both shown in the palace of Scone, as worked by Queen Mary's own hand when a prisoner in the Castle of Loch-Leven.

~~Kind~~

Kind Nature's gifts—her unmatch'd charms to prove,
The Muse and Graces here had interwove
Their various skill.

Tun'd to the harp, the Muses oft had sung,

25 In mournful strains, her story thus begun :
Her infant reign—Elisbeth's deadly hate,
The many troubles prelude to her fate ;
A fate uncommon—a beheaded Queen,
And all the various scenes that intervene.

30 Tho' drove from home, in * Henry's court she found
Each pleasure wait her, with politeness crown'd ;
Belov'd, ador'd, her dawning charms expand,
And Taste and Genius lead her hand in hand,
O heavenly Muse ! her early sorrows tell,

35 Let Truth and Pity clear her injur'd fame,
Which long conceal'd, the brighter now to shine,
To share the pleasure—and the praise be thine.
No father's care her infant years to guide,
† For death untimely—in the tomb had laid,

* Henry II. King of France.

† James V. of Scotland died of grief.

40 By grief of heart—and factious times oppres'd,
 But more than all, by * Solway's los'd distress'd
 What could the † Queen in these disastrous times?
 She sought a refuge in more temp'rate climes.
 To Gallia's King, the royal charge conveys,

45 Till Time and Wisdom civil discord lays.
 No easy task—where blind mistaken zeal,
 And diff'rent tenets but increase the flame,
 Religion pure,
 While mortals weak but prostitute thy name.

50 Fortune for a time now promis'd fair,
 And Henry, faithful, us'd his utmost care
 To form her mind—each science to impart,
 While thus our Beauty gains each youthful heart;
 Well pleas'd both nations mutual to entwine,

55 † And weds to Francis this our blooming Queen.

* The battle of Solway mos.

† The Queen Dowager sent over her daughter Mary to France,
 then six years of age.

† Francis, then Dauphin of France.

What

What does ambition? and aspiring Pride?
 Two regal sceptres to adorn the bride
 Could not suffice—assumes fair England's name,
 And royal arms—which the proud Dame
 60 Could ne'er forget—whose firm and cautious reign
 Made it unsafe for MARY then to claim
 Her nat'r al right, nor the young Queen be blam'd,
 By whomsoever that fatal counsel fram'd.
 Must still your * Queen—resentful thus to me
 65 To bar my passage through the British sea.
 Unkind condolence! in a perplexing time,
 When thus sedition rends my native Isle.
 Scarce had I mourn'd my much lov'd mother's death
 When Henry too—resign'd his dying breath.
 70 More than a parent! I his greatest care,
 And parting sigh'd, for me preferr'd his prayer,
 Was it not hard? O Muse, forbear to tell,
 Her growing sorrows—thou knowest them well.

* Queen Elisabeth.

Scenes of violence have I witnessed both in W-

estern Scotland and of continual import out-

ward to England. Kinross-House, a stormy day in

the month of December 1769,

The SECOND PART of QUEEN MARY.

Dedicated to G. HAMILTON, Esq; on his design to
paint that scene where Lord LINDSAY comes to de-
mand the crown of Queen MARY, when a prisoner
in the Castle of Loch-Leven.

AH! how unfeeling, he demands her crown,
Her country to resign. Relentless Lindsay,
Did e'er real beauty touch a heart like thine?
Impossible—to thus insult—while spirit,
Nobleness of mind, and young Ambition,
All fluttering round th' imprison'd Queen
Yet weeping for her son! for him she dreads.
Ye ruin'd walls! with ivy mantled o'er,
And Winter snows, the emblem of her fate,

to Which

10 Which all extremes have known—nor Hope—nor Spring,
 Nor Summer Sun return.—But I will plant
 A thousand shrubs and trees to shade her injur'd name,
 Invite the Muse ! to wander with me there,
 And op'ning gayer fields of new ideas.

15 Power of the mind ! Sovereign of the Soul,
 O ! why denied that wond'rous art to me ?
 Titian—Rubens—Raphael—finis'h'd hands,
 Hamilton ! here's thy Lucretia *,
 O'er all her dying frame, as life just fled ;

20 The barb'rous poniard drops her sacred blood ;
 From Brutus arm ! behold the fate of Rome,
 Avenge his country on the Tarquin race.
 What differ'd fates ! while all the world admire
 Thy honour'd name—chaste—pure as light, as truth,

25 To MARY's load of grief—to blast her fame !
 Rome by one's death—from tyranny was freed,
 A tyrant hop'd to reign in MARY's stead.
 Of all my former ills, the Queen might say,
 And soon to Nature I that debt shall pay.

* On looking at the print of Lucretia and Brutus, the original done
 by Hamilton.

30 My injur'd shade ! shall mourn my blasted fame ;
 My son perhaps shall curse his mother's name ;
 O ! cruel thought—if e'er my Darnley's life
 Avenge the deed—if e'er that name was dear,
 By these bleak mountains, and this lonely isle ;

35 The troubled waters, and the winds that blow,
 Or by that power superior to the storm,
 Attest my innocence. Too soon the seeds
 Of jealousy were sown—that fatal bond ;
 Associate of their guilt—to be deceiv'd

40 To wed his murderer ! ah ! had I died,
 Buried in the grave, e'er thus dishonour'd.
 O ! all ye faithful dames for truth renown'd,
 Am I unworthy to be nam'd with them ?

— Had she, as thou ! Lucretia—durst—
 But here the soul ! superior by her faith,
 Triumph'd—and for her country and her son,
 Endur'd, in misery, all her cruel fate,
 Accursed marriage !—deep laid malice. O MARY !
 Their vill'ous designs—were here accomplish'd,—

And stabb'd thy fame! But time shall bring to light
Their darkest deeds—and heal thy wounded name.

— Avaunt thou!—Murray, Morton, Bothwell,

And thou Elisabeth, great as a Queen,

But deadly in thy hate—as desperate by thy love.

Mary and Essex, victims of thy ire,

Bright stars that fell by thy malignant breath,

Yet, yet I weep for thee—thy woman's weakness,

And thy jealous mind.

O they were punishment enough—forgive,

Forgive, O mighty God! forgive.

O Character! thou sacred name prophan'd,

Or gain'd so dear—by those who court thee

Only for a name,—and in fair shew

Appear what thou art not. Fair Rectitude,

Be thou alone my wish—retir'd and silent.

There, the motives of my heart to know,

And leave to others—what? as they deserve

A name! Shall I e'er gain thee by one restless thought,

Or popular deed—to strive to vie,

Or to supplant another.

To sacrifice my mind, my peace,

Her's was gone.

No rather,

Suffer all—unknown—forsaken—unminded,

Or minded only when again to take

The little I have got. Whence is that envy

And that jealous eye? To be what? yes.

Let them. O happiness, canst thou demand

On aught—but truth, unsullied rectitude of thought,

And virtue fair,—with kind benevolence,

And humblest mind reflect how poor and weak

We're in ourselves.

Come, quiet thought, and leave the giddy restless

Vain pursuit of earthly cares—O come,

And by yon brook where dancing sun beams

Wander through the trees—invite my Muse,

Or catch yon awful arch—from rock to rock

Where

Where dashing waters burst in broken falls,
 Or in the shady break where murmur'ring rills,
 In wild meanders stray from wood to wood,
 Or list'ning to the evening song retir'd
 Where scarce a breeze is whisper'd through the scene.
 Who can behold yon glorious orb that gilds the sky,
 And not adore the hand, Author of Nature,
 Who in his works sublime paints out his power ;
 In Wisdom all express'd, at awful distance, view
 The mighty mind—the thought, contrivance,
 And the powerful word.—And as the sun goes down,
 Come, evening mild—and with thy soft'ning dews
 Or gentle rains refresh the earth,
 Mother of all the sustenance to man.

C H O R U S.

Light Fame—no more I thee attend,
 No more thy airy flight pursue ;
 Light Fame no more my soul can move,
 No more thy freaks and whims I heed.

Light Fame—no more thy voice I'll hear,
 Thy voice I thought how sweet to me;
 Light Fame, I thought thy voice was true,
 But soon it chang'd, how false, how wild?

III.

Light Fame—no more my soul can move,
 Thy freaks and whims she may neglect.
 Light Fame—no more my soul can move,
 In conscious worth shall find relief,

N I G H T I N G A L E.

O! could my sweet plaint lull to rest,
 Soften one sigh—as thou dreamst,
 I'd sit the whole night on thy tree,
 And sing, ————— sing, I ————— sing,
 With the thorn at my breast.

NUMBER THIRD,

P O E M S

AND

E P I T A P H S.

By a LADY,

The AUTHOR of the HUBLE-SHUE.

ДЛЯ ТЕЛЕВИДЕНИЯ

С М Е О П

СИА

ЗАНЯТИЯ

БЛАГОДАРНОСТЬ

ДЛЯ ТЕЛЕВИДЕНИЯ

(84)

Addressed to a BEECH TREE, on observing that some of
its Leaves were tinged by the Smoke of a Fire that had
been kindled under it.

WHAT taints thy shade—or doth the year decay?
Yet soon again—thy tender leaf revives.
I too, in silence, to the grave go down;
But hope inspires—that still a sweeter spring
Awaits new joys;
Sweeter than even these fields;
Where oft the Muse in plaintive notes
Invites the coming year,
Or mourns the time delayed.

Otterstone 1772.

Wrote

April 1764.

Wrote some Months after the Accounts of my Brother's
Death, who was killed in Action, July 1st 1763, near
to Patna in Bengal.

When unobserv'd—and all around seem gay,
In mournful thought o'er Patna's field I stray;
His dear Remains, which unentomb'd lie there,
Collect each atom with a sister's care.
No spot unhallow'd—by my silent grief,
And this alone can give my mind relief;
When rais'd to him—where blest in God above,
Does only truth and virtue still approve;
But back to Earth distracted do I fly,
Pale, lifeless, mangl'd, there I see him lie!
His streaming Blood!—O Heaven avert the stroke,
Nor to a Parent * let the sight be brought,
Enough to discord
May an impartial hand
Trace every virtue that I might commend.

* His death was concealed from his Father for six months,

Open 1890
Burntisland Castle.

Part of E. G. B. & Co's
The Royal Standard.

E P I T A P H.

NO Tomb alas! A distant plain thy grave,
A fate, Carstairs—too common to the brave.
O Indian, stop!—this sacred—field not tread;
Or learn each virtue—that adorn'd the dead.
Whate'er a friend, a brother, son, could claim;
All that—was gen'rous—he deserv'd the name;
Tho' adverse fate! too oft attacks the best.
In change reverse—his mind sustain'd the test,
Not proud to show, or fawn on Fortune's smiles,
A spirit gentle, far above all wiles.
His merit justly—claims the greenest bays,
By love transmitted in much sweeter lays,

October

October 1764.

Wrote the week before my Father was to be informed
of my Brother's death.

WHEN restless—nights and grief return,
With anxious—mind and sickness worn,
His silver hairs revere.
In anguish—of a Father mourns,
My Son—my son—no more returns,
But left on distant plains.
When bow'd with age—and trembling pale,
Around him wait—nor prayers avail,
But stand in weeping eyes.
Thus storms do rend—the wint'ry sky;
See roofs and trees before them fly,
Yet oft a calm succeeds.
As mildest show'rs a calm invite,
In rest and peace his slumbers meet;
His guardian children by.
In gentle exercise the day,
And friends to charm the even away,
In piety and ease.

May

May 15th 1774**EARL of ELGIN's death.****Dead!****No—in the heart of each he lives who knew
His virtues.****The prime of life—the midst of all his schemes
Too soon cut off.****O ELGIN ! who e'er did know thee,
That did not love thee with a sister's heart ?
Thy wife—thy children—friends and kindred, tell,
How good he was ;****Or let the orphan and the poor point out
The many proofs of his benevolence,
O ! guard them still,****Nor let their sad distress,
Or wild distracting grief,
Retard thy spirit from the blest abode.****Kind and compassionate,
Amiable,****And**

And all the virtues, in the softest dress,
 Cheerful and pleasant,
 Direct in Truth's fair path ;
 Nor blush'd to own Religion's sovereign sway.
 Just of thy word—as to the hope thou gave,
 ELGIN, farewell,
 Go, reap the pleasure of a well spent life.
 Friend of my youth,
 Accept the tribute of a sacred tear
 Due to thy gentle shade.

O ! how I wish I could tell
 How you did love these worthies, a person ;
 The wife—my chippie—her abode and residence tell
 How good we were ;
 O ! for the door of the parlour,
 How I wish I could tell
 How well the house did differ
 Lessing than I did from the poor body ;
 Kind say condescension
 A wispie

NUMBER FOURTH.

P O E M S

On the shores of the Indian Ocean, in the Island of

Malabar, in the year 1787.

AND

WHAT in Indian groves, and at their bring,
From the sun, the dew, and roses fall,

E P I T A P H S.

Leviathan, and Charybdis, gales,
That roar'd too wild from Indian shores,
Then beat, and still beat,

For him the tempest, and the sun,
Spare one last friend to him, to give

Not wedded spouse, **By a LADY,**

Where were ye, Nefert and Selen, to play
To led him to the land of the dead?

The AUTHOR of the HUBLE-SHUE.

• Nefra and Charybdis, dangerous rocks in the Indian sea.

By

П Т Я У О Г Й З А М У Н

And in the sunless, silent caves where

the world is dead.

W M E O P

W M E O P

W M E O P

W M E O P

В Н Ы А Т Ы Й

В Н Ы А Т Ы Й

The Author of the HUBBLE-SHUE

Kinross-House, February 1775.

On the arrival of the Ship from Messina in the Island of Sicily, with the Corpse of the late Earl of MORTON.

WHAT luckless freight or sorrow dost thou bring,
From that fair isle for health and pleasure fam'd,
What Sirock * blast ! with feverish vapours fell ?
Relentless fate ! is this his wish'd return ?

Less cruel Scylla † and Charybdian gulph,
That spar'd the vessel from Messinian shore,
That bears his last remains.

Far from his kindred and his native home,
Scarce one lov'd friend to close his pallid eye,
Nor wedded spouse, nor sons, were by.
Where were ye, Muses, and Sicilian nymphs,
To lead him safe through all thy flow'ry vales ?

* Sirock, a hot wind, which sometimes blows in the Island of Sicily.

† Scylla and Charybdis, dangerous rocks in the Sicilian sea.

By

By sacred fountain and poetic hill,
 To waft him health amidst thy fragrant groves,
 Ah! what avails the curious restless mind?
 Fraught with the beauties of each classic scene,

Shun the enchanted isle,
 Nor listen to the tale.

* In liquid flames let Etna's thunder roar;

Far distant from thy shore
 Let British sails be seen;
 Nor one advent'rous son the airy summit try,
 That looks tremendous to a world below.

Join in the solemn song,
 And as you move along,
 Strew flow'rets on his bier;
 In soft and mournful air,
 In funeral pomp be seen,
 Each nymph in cypress green;
 These duties to the dead,
 When in the tomb art laid.

* On his return from viewing Mount Etna, he fevered, and died in
 a few days.

Hail!

Hail! all the ancient fathers of the name,
Too soon thou'rt gone to them.

In long resounding airs
Let honour fill the lays,
And give what friendship feels,
To truth and worth like his.

Thus to the hallow'd isle
Give all that earth can claim;
In happier summits while
His spirit roams above,
And, rapt amidst the sky,
Sees thousand worlds below,
Or with enlighten'd eye
Takes in unbounded space.

Edinburgh.

E P I T A P H.

For ALEXANDER WEDDERBURN, Esq; St Germaine.

Integrity**Unsullied,**

Of playful fancy,

Innocence of mirth,

Beloved companion,

Nor base—return tarnished

His temper.

The best of Masters; an indulging spouse;

Useful! to others;

And

Braving out the storm!

He felt too deep!

Yet scorning to complain.

Ye friendly—gentlemanly

Upright souls,

May no ingratitude

Thy evenings

Blast:

In sympathetic

Tears

Bedew his Tomb,

Whose fate

It was.

To

involving the iniquitous or wolf.

noiseless A

To Lady H——n.

Sweet, gentle mourner, cease thy plaintive notes.
 What sympathy?—What gratitude—I feel—I owe:
 How many happy, tranquil days I've pass'd
 In these gay fields, or sweet sequester'd shades?
 Planted by thee*—by her † the dearest friend,
 Or by that venerable Tower—and ancient Pines,
 Where mourns the dove;
 Or by that sacred Isle—where rest the last remains,
 The best of husbands.
 Fled! from our sight, but in thy souls
 Doubly united.
 Fond recollection of each happy scene.

* Lady H.

† Miss Ann H.

How

How to delineate the indulgent
Father ?

A plain inscription
Suits his truth.

How anxious to impress it on their tender minds ?
To banish art, deceit, or guile.

Of gentlest manners, easy and polite,
Each guest was happy ; parted with regret.

Home—was the centre of his happiness.

Received his parting sigh ! blest it ;
And went to Heaven.

Hush ! to thy griefs, thy family claims
Thy care.

No blasts—the tender buds—of hope—shall kill,
Their filial love shall comfort.

Thy sad heart.
The duties ! now of both, are left

On thee.

NUMBER FIFTH.

P O E M S

AND

E P I T A P H S.

The present volume
By a LADY,

The AUTHOR of the HUBLE-SHUE.

И Т Е П Я З Е М И

А М Е О П

ФИЛ

З Н П А Т И П И

С

БЛАДЫ

THE AUTHOR OF THE HABIBI-NAME

Burtnisland Castle, October 1764.

IN shades! to pass the summer day,
 In Spring—to see the lambkins play,
 In Autumn, western skies;
 In each returning—season find
 New beauties to amuse my mind,
 Or gratitude to raise.
 No morning ray! no setting sun,
 No painted sky—shall be unsung,
 With all its various clouds;
 The gayest seat—adorn'd with art,
 Or fields—or meads—their sweets impart,
 With richest flocks and herds.
 The peaceful cottage—in the glen,
 With trees—around—and crystal well,
 A cheerful swain that sings.
 All these—with equal mind I view.
 From heaven descend the rains—and dew.
 Thy wisdom all declare.

To

To a Brother of the Author's.

WE wish you joy—like us to meet
 The spring in all its gay attire ;
 The fields to range in rural sport ;
 The manly thought, and bold design,

To us belong the woods and groves,
 Each gentle art, and kind reply ;
 In truth and innocence unite,
 Our minds improve,—but guess for whom.

The three following beautiful Stanzas by Miss A. H.
to the Author.

AS musing I wander'd along
The green banks where you often have stray'd,
Where the thrush sweetly warbles her song,
And primroses paint the gay mead;
I heard from the sad moaning dove,
The loss of her mate who was true;
And sighs from each tree of the grove,
Lamenting the absence of you.

Has Cinthia a heart to refuse
The wish of each nymph on the plain;
The wood, that's a friend to her Muse,
Invokes her return here again.

To

To Miss A. H—.

Short was their stay, of high descent they sprung,
Two beaut'ous * nymphs—and thus they sweetly sung:
Peace o'er each scene—peace o'er the pleasant fields;
No shades! to me—more pleasure ever yields.
O'er all thy minds—the passions calmly flow;
As Leven's! stream tranquil—to whence we go.

* Miss _____, and Miss _____.

Kinross, 1767.

Scarce a breeze on the lake, with four oars to our boat ;
 The landscape ! no pencil could paint.
 I thought of her fate, the midst of this scene,
 When a boar put us all in a fright.
 Confusion and terror, my heart beat my breast,
 Neither castle nor bower could I see ;
 The beautiful ! * Queen who once made her escape,
 Was scarcely so frightened as me.
 The house—and the trees—the town and the spire ;
 The hills—and the cottages round ;
 The water—the wind—and the flight of the birds ;
 Did only my senses confound.
 No thought was distinct—or but lost in myself ;
 I pray'd—and our fate did deplore ;
 When Serff † that good saint—from his peaceful retreat,
 Came quickly, and brought us to shore.

* Queen Mary.

† St Serff's Island in Loch-Leven.

Wrote as if repeated *extempore* by a Gentleman, occasioned by a Miniature Picture of a Lady being put up as a But to shoot at in Germany the time of the last war.

O Wing my shafts to reach that fair one's heart,
My fondest wishes to her soul impart.
Where thousands miss, successful let me be,
And learn each virtue thus in loving thee.
In thee alone, that elegance and ease,
With native sweetness join'd with life to please.
Propitious!—The gods have heard my prayer,
And eager fly to catch my wounded fair.

VI
N U M B E R S I X T H.

A B A L L A D.

I.

IF * Flavia's eyes, or Stella's soul,
Were in my choice to take,
I would not envy Flavia's eyes,
But only for thy sake.

II.

But if a Stella please thee more,
That Stella I would be;
For sure a Flavia could not gain,
Or keep a swain like thee.

III.

But ah! would Stella evor tell?
A stranger as thou art;
Would Stella envy Flavia's eyes?
Alone to gain thy heart,

* Stella and Flavia, celebrated by Swift.—Stella, an amiable woman;—Flavia, a silly beauty.

IV.

IV.

NUMBERS
H T X I S R M U N I
I scarcely knew from whence thou came.

Would Stella thought like me?

Too soon I thought—thou didst depart;

Would Stella told it thee.

I.

V.

But sure my hand—thou ne'er haft seen,

My name thou ne'er shalt know;

And while I praise thy nameless art,

I can thy love forego.

II.

VI.

My favourite pigeon too be prais'd.

I mind each word he spake;

I'd give it him—but since he's gone,

I'll keep it for his sake.

III.

VII.

Go, gentle swain, and uncompl'd;

Or, if you think of me,

Here I with pleasure can submit,

If that's approv'd by thee.

VIII.

* Stella says Elvins, celebrated by Swell, ——, ——, as an example

VIII.

Long did I look down a' the way,
 As far as I could see;
 And art thou gone—ah! what are all
 The rustic swains to me? I V 3

IX.

Go, gentle swain—and to our Tex
 Polite attention pay,
 Nor ever dangerous flattery try,
 Nor vain neglect essay.

X. P
 The giddy empty fluttering fool,
 May catch a Flavia's eyes;
 But real good sense, and such as you,
 Alone can Stella please *.

* This Ballad was sent to the Rev. M. C. at his reading and reciting, under a feigned story.

It's a big book, I know it's a big book.

Pitfirren, September —

He says this—“one good tie has

E V E N I N G.

Begs of a Painter to do justice to the following Groupe:

—The beautiful Maria * with her two Infants, a Boy and a Girl.—One of them clinging round her Mother's neck at bed-time, near falls from her keeper's arms.

Proud thus to wait,—each colour to prepare,
But wants the art—to paint the blooming fair.

Around her neck, in innocence she smiles,

And fondly—hides herself in infant wiles.

Thomson's *Botany* for Schools, 1872, page 204.

The maid obsequious—lasciviously in her attire

Restraints the babe—her slender hold alarms.

Choose then this group, dispos'd by softest

And shameful win them to their evening beds.

And playful will them to their evening beds.

* Lady H——tt.

But

But how the mind—the mother to express?

Who fondly folds her infant to her breast.

A vain attempt—a figure far too fine—

A Raphael's hand could scarcely trace each line.

Steal fancy lightly—scaree the curtain by;
 Nor breathe while sleep—the babes in slumber lie.
 To the first cause let innocence my mind.
 How moves the babe?—who forms the human kind?
 They wake—the light—how joyfully he gues,
 While fancy hovers as the two she views.

October 1769.

Whose virtue charm'd him, **POPE'S HOMER,**

OUR Scottish dames for virtue still be fam'd;
With Trojan, or with Roman matrons nam'd.

Still to despise—the man who can betray;
And, mask'd in friendship, leads our minds astray;
Still to admire the brother's braver arms;
Still to despise a Paris' meaner charms.
Arm'd in his country's—and his kindred's cause—
Behold great Hector—issue from the walls.
As each bold Briton who aspires to fame,
Still in his eye, some brave some honour'd name,
But if great Hector on that fatal day
The gods foredoom'd his life—should dearly pay;
Tho' in his breast his brother's deeds despise,
Behold for him a sacrifice he lies;
Behold him stretch'd—dragg'd at Achilles' car,
Fat'lly engag'd for a deluded fair;
Who does not Paris' beauteous form despise?
See Hector dead—who envies Helen's eyes?
Who strays from virtue, ever sure to find
Some dire disaster lags not far behind.

SONG

S O N G.

"Laws and shades, like the sun and moon, are the sweetest fruits of life."

TO those shades with delight I could fly,
How tasteless the town is to me;
In every gay scene that I try,
My thoughts they but wander to thee.

"I have a thousand reasons to be unhappy, but only one to be happy."

Why remind me of those happy days?
Here is nothing but dress and vain shew;
Of those banks where I sung my first lays,
And remark'd every flower as it grew?

III.

"I have a thousand reasons to be unhappy, but only one to be happy."

Tho' we crowd the dull walks every night,
Where's the careless sweet ease I enjoy'd;
Not the beaux nor the belles e'er so bright;
On these shades are my thoughts still employ'd.

IV.

"I have a thousand reasons to be unhappy, but only one to be happy."

Sweet shades! where with silence or thee,
My mind every thought could approve;
Sweet shades! I admire every tree,
And I fly to the friend whom I love.

A SONG, to the Tune of "Here awa, there awa."

Farewell my Betty, and farewell my Annie,
And farewell my Ammie, and farewell my friends.
&c.

Farewell to these plains and to innocent freedom,
Believe me, my heart was akin to these scenes;
In each cheerful moment I meant you a pleasure,
And ne'er gave offence, but it gave me more pain.
&c.

Through the lang muir I'll think of my Willie,
And through the lang muir I'll think o' him again.
Through the lang muir I'll think o' my Willie,
And through the lang muir I'll think o't again.

NUMBER SEVENTH.

I TEA

A LADY in the Character of a NYMPH.

To the CORSICAN WARRIOR at Shakespeare's Jubilee *.

O Warrior! whence thy rustic arms and dress?
 An exile ah! and Corsica thy place:
 Yes, stay, and on these flow'ry banks to dwell,
 With Shakespeare's soul, who freedom lov'd so well.
 Though I have nought but tears I can give thee,
 Yet soon I hope thou better days shalt see.
 Yes; sure a time when Briton's sons shalt rise,
 See their white canvas spreading o'er thy seas;
 When they shall boldly soon thy right assert,
 But here, in peace, O! Warrior, end the night!
 I shrink at war! how many heroes slain,
 Of friends and kindred, on some distant plain!
 I shrink at war! how many nymphs like me,
 To soothe their grief by moon-light night you'll see
 By Avon's stream, and as it silent glides,
 Bathe their white bosoms, or to hide their heads!
 But let no tear the gen'ral joy, to night,
 No, not a sigh, the general joy to blight.

* Mr Boswell.

To

INTRODUCING A HARMONY

PART I.

MUTE my lyre to barb'rous sounds,

Sullen looks, or pining care,

Cruel Envy's blasting breath,

Mean design or falser Friendship.

Strike aloud a nobler theme,

Gen'rous Cæsar, virt'ous Cato,

Wild ambition yet restrain,

Rigid airs but damp the soul.

Sweet, melodious, gentle Lyda,

To her mournful tale reply,

Vibrate soft in lasting sorrow,

The forgiving bosom shew.

Did his eyes then steal thy fancy,

Hide the blush and the neglect,

Gen'rous nymph, do music touch thee?

Thou art happy if he's so.

Gayer

Gayer Delia stole the roses,
 And the lyre was newly strung,
 Chaster airs, they yet may charm him,
 And the modest brow regard.

Plaintive notes, and rural fancy,
 Faithless Phillis, Shenstone mourn,
 Fairy scenes had caught the echo,
 Erst in happier times reply.

Choicest spirits, now assemble,
 Was it Gray who struck the lyre?
 Sweet Æolian airs that tremble,
 Or the solemn dirge to hear.

To

as for the self nile to me
yourself when you will come
and make your self ready, this is all
To the B R I D E.

PART II.

TUNE my lyre—to happier times,
Sweetest Jean, to swell the note ;
Happy swain, then prize thy treasure,
Youth and innocence to meet.
Join the song, and join the dance,
Smoother flow, or brisker airs ;
Scorn the nymph of fickle passion,
Who to riches gives the hand.

Gentle heart that feels the blessing,
If the modest blush can show,
Thy sweet bride in beauty blooming,
Friendship to your loves unite.

To

To ——

IN this suspense, a thousand bear a part,
 With hopes and fears alternate to their heart ;
 With equal mind — wait thy uncertain fate,
 Whate'er's pronounced, yet still thou may'st be great,
 If wealth and honour are decreed thy name,
 Let no resentment be thy future aim.

Nor if! —

Avert the thought — and in the doubtful hour,
 Be justice guarded by some heavenly power ;
 Be D— still — and let thy spirit show
 Thou art thyself, howe'er this contest go.

Burntisland

Burntisland Castle, August 1764.

F A L S E H O O D — T R U T H.

WITH cautious care, each virtue, trembling claim,
 Perform each duty that can raise thy name.
 Thy alms bestow, thy prayers in public pay,
 Restrain thy tongue, each passion must obey.
 Weep to a friend, the reigning sins lament,
 And, pitying, hate a beauty that can paint.
 Thy faith maintain with controvèrted strife,
 Nor, panting, yield what ye've imbib'd with life.
 All meek again—so humble—and so fair,
 Sure so much goodness must be Heav'n's own care ;
 That breast, no gall, no wormwood ever knows,
 Till—enter beauty—brighter than the rose,
 No fly disguise her faults to cover o'er,
 No mean applause the purport of her soul ;
 From higher views her mind benevolence shade,
 The social virtues hand in hand are led.
 Modest though knowing brightens on your hand,
 And as she brightens, Envy cannot stand.
 As night retires at break or dawn of light,
 Let Falsehood vanish—Truth shine out more bright.

Burntisland

Burntisland-Castle, 1765.

IMPUDENCE CARESSSED —— MERIT NEGLECTED.

IN privateering, or some lucky hit,
 His sole distinction money, not his wit,
 Caress'd by fortune, impudent and vain,
 And borrowed plumes to dignify the man.
 At cards, at dice, at table, he's the first,
 Dogs, hounds, and horses, thunder in the list ;
 Averted eyes scarce see the silent youth,
 And want of spirit deems his modest truth.
 As mild Lavinia—unminded and the last,
 Whose juster thoughts in diffidence are lost.
 Let not neglect or distance e'er oppres,
 Why should not fools the foolish thus careſſ ;
 Congenial souls, attention silent pay,
 Let thus your merit dignify my lay.
 Or let the Muse—attend you to your home,
 Trace every thought and wish when you're alone ;

Mark

Mark every deed, or every generous part,
 Or how Lavinia gladdens every heart :
 But hark—to war the trumpet sound alarms,
 His breast to glory warms, to arms, to arms,
 Rush into life, ambition in his view,
 But check'd the youth—his vigour to renew.
 Thus fortune blind to merit oft we call,
 But providence, not chance, that rules the ball.
 As various minds in various paths pursue,
 With happiness—fair phantom, in their view ;
 Yet rather peaceful than supremely blest,
 Who aims at all must leave her unpossess'd.

NUMBER EIGHTH.

March 3. 1769.

To Miss M— B

No more sorrows, no more cares,
 Tune my lyre to cheerful airs.
 Now so happy, now so gay,
 'Tis for — this my lay.

While the nymphs with pleasure twine,
 With each flower that decks the spring,
 The gay garland for the brow,
 Few amongst them sweet as you;
 May the nymph for him design'd,
 Ever faithful, ever kind ;
 Sweet and cheerful, may she be ;
 Temper and good-sense like thee.

To

THE HINDU LITERATURE

To a young LADY who was going to India.

SHALL we once more then meet on Albion's coast,
Before, my dear, in India you're a toast?

There gilded pleasures wait your jet-black eyes,
And Asian youths for Scots Maria dies.

Yes! they may die—and die—and die again,
But ye's return and wed a Scottish swain,

Or wed him there.

N

Kinross

Kinross-House, 1776.

To —— Esq; Member of the Capillaire Club.

LET every line convey a sister's heart,
 And for thy health—her anxious fears impart.
 Think, O! my brother—alas! I have but one,
 The hour of riot, it may last too long.
 Folly and youth in all will have their sway,
 But reason too puts in a claim to-day.
 O! hear her voice! the worthy man prefer/
 To the gay dissipate, ~~is no longer fit for me~~ I
 While vain amusement takes up all thy time, U
 These lines can show how I employ mine.
 Harmless at least, tho' now a laugh would break.
 To gayer scenes I fain would me betake ~~so~~ T
 But soon suppress'd ~~so taken with a desire of~~ T
 In various arts my skill I do essay ~~and~~ A
 To shade yon walk—and flowers of various kind,
 And various shrubs with sweetest woodbine bind.
 May some fair nymph, who all thy fancy takes—
 For you and her I plant it—for your sakes.
 But O! beware the noisy-coming she; ~~and~~ and ~~and~~ and ~~and~~
 May one more modest be design'd for thee;
 Temper—good-sense—nor can these grow familiar,
 Each day improves, tho' youth and beauty leave her.

Edinburgh,

TO THE FRIENDS OF THE CHINESE CHURCH

Edinburgh, November 24. 1780.

On the Death of ANDRE.

Nature shrinks back, in agony of grief
 Deep felt.
 Washington, that deed of thine,
 I write it desperate.
 Unpassioned souls, in ages yet unborn,
 Will read it different *.
 Cruel,
 Unnatural war, by Heaven sent,
 To rouse the nobler powers,
 Absorb'd in luxury,
 Or vice
 Licentious.

* Yes ! while the Western Hemisphere forms part of this globe,
 or an American breaths the air of freedom.

Proud

Proud nations. Love of liberty carried too far,
One of your noblest—bravest—dearest sons

Dies!

To reunite you.

Relent.

Oh my heart bleeds—bursts with grief.

Regret:

Calm to the last—what energy

Of worth!

Thousands are animate

Beheld thy glorious death

Silent!

Or with averted eye—scarce look

On —————— Washington.

Death,

'Tis immortality *.

* This Epitaph was sent to M—— D. under a feigned correspondence.

cal not be done which to speak, among us all
that now are, - stand - silence now to me.

September 13. 1786.

— In a triumphal car,
Round the Town-house of Berwick,
The Genius of Tweed
Drove the Genius of Scotland,
From Berwick to town, on a mouthful of porter,
She begg'd at a door from a generous ostler.

Burntisland-

Burntisland-Castle 1763.

E P I T A P H.

TO darkest deeds the fairest tombs
 Erected are by pride ;
 But modest virtue never tries,
 By art your steps to guide.
 Truth was her search while here below,
 She's found it now in heaven ;
 The soul's set free, while to this earth
 The dust alone is given *.

* It was proposed that each in the company should give in an Epitaph which they meant to keep up to. The Author wrote the above, as for herself.

Christian Constant.

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